

The Proud and Illustrious House of Hotspur Takes Another Tumble



SOME OLD RUIN!

LET'S INSPECT IT!



A HISTORICAL PAST THIS CASTLE MUST HAVE.

AMERICAN TOURISTS, PERC! THEY'RE COMING IN!



AH! WHAT MEMORIES! HERE WE STAND: THE LAST OF THE PROUD AND ILLUSTRIOUS HOTSPURS.

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ARE WE INTRUDING?

OH! WON'T YOU TELL US THE HISTORY OF THESE RUINS?

AH! AMERICANS, I TAKE IT!



A HOT TEMPERED AND IMPETUOUS RACE, WE HOTSPURS! OUR MOTHER HAVING ELOPED WITH A COMMONER, WAS DISOWNED, DYING IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY OF A BROKEN HEART.



SPEAKING OF THE DARING EXPLOITS OF OUR ANCESTRAL FORBEARS, IT WAS IN THIS BANQUET HALL WHERE THE BLACK PRINCE RODE IN ON HIS CHARGER AND CARRIED OFF THE FAIR ISOBEL.



IN MY IMAGINATION, I CAN PICTURE THE COURTLY DAMES AND GALLANT KNIGHTS TREADING THE STately MINUET DOWN THESE MAJESTIC CORRIDORS.



THIS NORTH TOWER WAS BUILT AS A STRONGHOLD TO REPEL THE ROMAN HORDES WHO INVADED THIS FAIR COUNTRY IN -ER-UH- CENTURIES AGO.



FORMERLY, OUR DOMAIN EXTENDED TO THE NORTH SEA BUT NOW THE GLORIES OF THE HOUSE OF HOTSPUR ARE BUT A MEMORY. SMALL WONDER WE ARE SAD.



ON OUR LEFT IS THE HAUNTED TOWER. ONCE A YEAR ON THE STROKE OF TWELVE AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE IT IS SAID THAT THE GHOST OF LADY HOTSPUR APPEARS AT YON WIN - ???

EH - WOT?



SEVEN GENERATIONS OF BALLYHOOTS 'AVE H'OCCUPIED THIS 'ERE CASTLE BUT NO 'OTSURS. I'M CARETIKER 'ERE AS WAS MY PEOPLE SEVEN GENERATIONS BACK, AND I ORT TO KNOW. SO YOU BLINKIN' FAKIRS, TIKE YOURSELVES ORF!